BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

M. H. GARDNER, Publisher.

BAXTER SPRINGS, - - KANSAS

THE FIRST VIOLET.

Thar' it was!—a little, sassy
  Pinch o' blue!—
Down amongst the weedy, grassy
  Things thet spring-time coaxes through,
When the froze ground sortuh mellers,
An' them towhead crocus fellers
  Winks at you!

Pooties' things fer *me* thet grows is
  These hyer shy
'Triflin' bits o' squint-eyed posies,
  Sniffin' at the fur-off sky
Like they said: "You, up thar! you are
Mighty big, but somethin's bluer
  When *we're* by!"

When I see this first one, hintin'
  Spring was 'round,
Noddin' "Howdy," plain ez printin',
  Down I went upon the ground!
Gre't big strappin' six foot gilly—
Raly looked a little silly—
  I'll be bound!

Curyus what a sing'lar feelin'
  'Peared to go
Throo me, ez I stooped thar', kneelin',
  Clost above thet vi'let blow!
Somethin' says: "Ef jest a blossom
'Bout kin grab your thorts an' toss 'em
  To an' fro—

"How'd it be ef Higgins' darter—
  Thet thar' girl
That your mind keeps taggin' arter—
  Pooty thing with locks 'et curl—
How'd it be ef she would take ye
Up fer good?" Why, sho! it makes me
  Fahly whirl!

Eyes like these blue buds to greet me
  Every night?
Little smilin' face to meet me,
  Glimpsin' from a mop o' bright
Yeller hair? I almost *know* she
Wouldn't hev me—yit, now, oh, she
  Melby—might!

—Eva Wilder McGlasson, in Puck.

THOSE PESKY BEES.

His Policy of Like Cures Like Worked Charmingly.

It was a still, frosty evening in October, with the moon just old enough to cast a ruddy light on the leaf-carpeted path, and the ancient stone wall all broidered over with lichens and moss. The air was instinct with sweet aromatic scents, and one red light burned like a beacon star in the cottage window on the hill.

"Look!" said Fleda Fenwick. "Mamma has lighted the lamp! It's high time we were home."

"And you haven't said yes!" mournfully uttered Jack Trevelyn.

"And I don't mean to say yes!"

Jack seated himself on the stone wall, just where the bars had been taken down. He was a handsome, sunburned fellow, with sparkling, black eyes and a rich, dark complexion, as if, in his far back ancestry, there had been some olive-browed Spaniard. Fleda leaned against the bars, the moon turning her fair hair to gold and lingering like blue sparks in the deeps of her laughing eyes. If ever opposites existed in nature, they existed there, and then.

"I've a great mind to go away to sea," said Jack, slowly and vengefully.

"Do," saucily retorted Fleda.

"And never come back again!"

"Oh, Jack!"

"The idea," he cried, raising both hands as if to invoke the fair moon herself by way of audience, "of a girl refusing to be married simply because she hasn't got some particular sort of a wedding gown to stand up in."

"If I can't be married like other girls, I won't be married at all," declared Fleda, compressing her rosy lips.

"The idea of keeping a man waiting for *that!*" groaned Jack.

"It won't be long," coaxed Fleda.

"But, look here, Fleda, why can't we go quietly to church and be married any day, and get the gown afterwards?" pleaded Jack.

"But, Jack, it wouldn't be the same thing at all. A girl gets married but once in her life, and she wants to look decent then."

"My own darling, *you* would look an angel in *any thing!*"

"Now, quit that, Jack!" laughed Fleda. "It's what my school-children call 'taffy.'"

"I hate your school-children," said Jack, venomously. "I hate your school. I despise the trustees, and I should like to see the building burn down. *Then* you would have to come to me."

"No, *I* shouldn't," averred Fleda. "I should take in millinery and dressmaking until I had earned enough for the white silk dress. I never would—Oh! Jack! Who's that?"

"A tramp? I'll soon settle him with my blackthorn!" cried Trevelyn, springing up.

"No, don't," whispered Fleda, shrinking close to him, "it's Mr. Mingden. He's on his own premises; these woods belong to him. It's we that are trespassers. Wait! Stand still until he has gone by. He's very near-sighted and he will never see us!"

"And who," breathed Jack, as a stout, elderly person trotted slowly across the patch of moonlight, and vanished behind the stiff laurel hedge, "is Mr. Mingden?"

"Don't you know? Our neighbor. The new gentleman who has bought Smoke Hall."

"The old cove who is always quarreling with you?"

"Yes—the very man who hates bees so intolerably, and wants mamma to take away all those lovely hives, down by the south fence. He says he can't take his constitutional in peace, because he's always afraid of being stung!"

"Why don't he take it somewhere else, then?"

"That's the very question," said Fleda.

"Mingden, eh? I believe he must be Harry Mingden's uncle—it's not such a very common name," said Jack, reflectively. "And Harry's my college chum—and I'm going to ask him to be my best man at the wedding."

"Oh, Jack! I hope he isn't as disagreeable as his uncle!" cried Elfleda.

"He's a trump!"

"Besides, I don't believe his uncle will let him come!" added the girl.

"Not let him come? Why shouldn't he?"

"Because he hates us so!"

"On account of the bees?"

"Yes, on account of the bees."

"It's a regular Montague and Capulet business, is it, eh?"

"Rather so, I'm afraid," sighed Fleda.

"But I say, Fleda!" cried the young man, "this complicates matters. I promised to go and see Harry Mingden when I was down here."

"Go and see him, then, but don't mention the name of Fenwick, for your life."

"Indeed I shall. Isn't it the name of all others in which I take the most pride?"

"Oh! Jack, you will only make more trouble! It'll be worse than bees. Promise me, Jack, or Ill never, never speak to you again."

And Jack had to promise, after some unwilling fashion.

Mrs. Fenwick, a pretty, faded little widow, was full charged with indignation when Fleda returned from her stroll in the woods.

"Mamma, what is the matter?" said Fleda.

"One of the hives was t-tipped over to-night," sobbed Mrs. Fenwick; "and I'm *sure* he did it."

"It was the wind, mamma."

"No wind ever did that, Fleda. But I set it up again. I will never, never sacrifice my apiary to his absurd prejudices."

"Dear mamma, if you would only have the hives moved to the other side of the garden!" pleaded Fleda, caressingly.

"And sacrifice a question of principle! Never!" declared the widow.

Mrs. Fenwick, ordinarily the most amiable of women, was roused on this subject to an obstinacy which could only be characterized as vindictive. And Mr. Ezra Mingden was ten times as bad as his neighbor.

"That woman is a dragoness, Hal," he said to his nephew. "She keeps those bees simply to annoy me. I hate bees. Bees hate me. Every time I walk there I get stung."

"But, uncle, you shouldn't brandish your cane about so," reasoned Harry. "It's sure to enrage 'em."

"I don't brandish it on the woman's side of the fence. If her abominable, buzzing insects persist in trespassing in my garden, am I not bound to protect myself?" sputtered Mr. Mingden.

"Can't you walk somewhere else?"

"Can't she put her bees somewhere else?"

"But, uncle, all this seems such a trivial affair."

"Trivial, indeed! If you'd been stung on your nose and your ear and your eyelids, and everywhere else, would *you* call it trivial? I never eat honey, and I've always considered bees to be an absurdly overrated section of entomology. What business have her bees to be devouring all *my* flowers? How would she like it herself?"

Harry Mingden smiled to see the degree of fury to which the old gentleman was gradually working himself up. He was already in Jack Trevelyn's confidence, and thus, to a certain extent, enjoyed the unusual opportunity of seeing both sides of the question.

"Look here, sir," said he, "did you ever hear of the doctrine of *similia similibus curantur?*"

"Eh?" said Mr. Mingden.

"Why don't you set up a colony of bee-hives, yourself? If her bees rifle your flowers, let yours go foraging into her garden. Let her see, as you suggest, how she would like it herself. Put a row of hives as close to your side of the fence as you can get it. If they fight let 'em fight. Bees are an uncommonly war-like race, I'm told; if they agree, what's to prevent 'em bringing half the honey into *your* hives?"

"By Jove," said Mr. Mingden, starting to his feet, "I never thought of that. I'll do it! I wonder where the deuce they sell bees! There isn't a moment to be lost."

"I think I know of a place where I could buy half a dozen hives," said Harry.

"The gentleman wants to buy some bees," said Fleda. "Dear mamma, do sell yours; we can easily get all the honey we want—"

"But I've kept bees all my life," said Mrs. Fenwick, piteously.

"Yes, but they're such a care, mamma, now that you are no longer young, and you are hardly able to look after them in swarming time, and—"(she dared not allude to the trouble they were making in neighborly relations, but glided swiftly on to the next vantage point)—"it will be just exactly the money I want to finish the sum for my wedding dress."

Mrs. Fenwick's face softened; she kissed Fleda's carmine cheek, with a deep sigh.

"For *your* sake, then, darling," said she. "But I wouldn't for the world have Mr. Mingden think that I would concede a single inch to—"

"I don't know that it is any of Mr. Mingden's business," said Fleda, quietly.

The next day Mr. Mingden trotted down to look at his new possessions.

"Too bad that Harry had to go back to town before he had a chance to see how the bee-hives looked in their place," soliloquized he. "A capital idea, that of his, '*Similia similibus curantur*,' ha, ha, ha! Well, I guess it'll be pretty much that! I wonder what the old lady will say when she sees the opposition apiary! Won't she be furious! Ha, ha, ha!"

He adjusted his spectacles as he hastened down towards the sunny south walk which had heretofore been the battle-ground. There was the row of square, white hives on the side of the fence—but lo! and behold! the bench that had extended on the other side was vacant and deserted.

"Why," he exclaimed, coming to an abrupt standstill; "what has she done with her bees?"

"Sold 'em all to you, sir," said Jacob, the gardener. "And a fine lot they be; and not an unreasonable price, neither. Mr. Harry looked arter that hisself."

"I hope you'll be very kind to them, sir!" uttered a soft, pleading little voice, and Elfleda Fenwick's golden head appeared just above the pickets of the fence. "And I never knew until just now that it was *you* who bought them."

"Humph!" said Mr. Mingden.

"But I hope, after this," kindly added Fleda, "that we shall never have any more trouble—as neighbors, I mean It has made me very unhappy, and—"

The blue eyes, the faltering voice melted the old gentleman at last.

"Then don't let it make you unhappy any longer, my dear!" said he, reaching over the pickets to shake hands with the pretty special pleader. "Hang the bees! After all, what difference does it make which side of the fence they're on? So you're the little school-teacher, are you? I'm blessed if I don't wish I was young enough to go to school to you myself!"

Fleda ran back to the house in secret glee.

"I do believe," she thought, "the Montague and Capulet feud is healed at last! And I do believe (knitting her blonde brows), that Jack told young Mingden all about the bees, and that *that* is the solution of this mystery!"

But that evening there came a present of white grapes from the Mingden green-houses to Mrs. Fenwick, with the old gentleman's card.

"He must have been very much pleased to get the bees," thought the old lady. "If I had only known he liked bees, I should have thought very differently of him. All this shows how slow we should be to believe servants' gossip and neighborhood tattle! If I had known *he* was the purchaser, I should have declined to negotiate; but perhaps every thing has happened for the best!"

Jack Trevelyn thought so, when he stood up in the village church, a fortnight from that time, beside a fair vision in glittering white silk, and a vail that was like crystallized frost-work. And the strangest part of all was that old Mr. Mingden was there to give the bride away!

"I take all the credit to myself," mischievously whispered Harry Mingden, the "best man." "But I'm afraid it is easier to set machinery in motion than to stop it afterwards! And it's just possible that I may have an aunt-in-law yet."

"Stranger things have happened," said the bridegroom.—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

The World Growing Better.

The refinement that ended vulgarity will end injustice. In the newspaper and the magazine, daily and hourly the literature of the great mass of people, radical and long-needed reforms are coming. Reverence for humanity will first reveal itself in increased respect for woman's happiness. Honorable womanhood should not be made a subject for personality, of assumed wit, ridicule and of malicious laughter. Later this discrimination in taste and justice that shall reform much of the writing of to-day will take in the whole honorable public, and men able to write for the press will possess as much kindness as they will have of power. This reform can not come suddenly, but it will surely come, for that advance of the soul which has made our high standards of literature sweeter in spirit can not pause at that conquest. It will move onward until the perishable writings of each day and week will be as lofty as the poems of Whittier or the prose of Charles Sumner. Such a transformation is too great for our age. It must be assigned to the next century. It buds now; it will blossom to-morrow. —Prof. Swing.

The Creole Belle.

Her type of beauty is unique upon this continent. She is distinctly an amalgamation of the pure Spanish and French settlers at New Orleans. Her complexion is that of the lily of the valley, with the faintest tinge of the Marechal Neil rose. A subtle perfume pervades her person, gleaned from the powder of orris root and the blossom of the violet. The ignorant imagine her despoiled by the blood of the African; let the libel die. She is graceful in every movement; she is invariably beautiful, sometimes ravishingly beautiful. Her manners are charming; she has *chic;* she has superb form; she has complete self-unconsciousness. Her conversation is low, sweet and magnetic; she fascinates, she provokes, she invites, she stimulates—she never simulates.—Once a Week.

A PROFESSIONAL FINDER.

Study of a Curious Man with an Odd Occupation.

He Has for Years Lived on Rewards Earned by Finding Lost Articles—Gets Early Papers and Begins Work at Dawn of Day.

One of New York's peculiar men haunts the cafes and bar-rooms in the vicinity of Madison square, but so deftly conceals his identity that it remains a profound secret who he is or whence he comes. He is called Dominick Burdell. He is tall and slender, with a sallow complexion and brown hair that borders closely on the golden hue. He is well-dressed, says the New York World, and invariably wears a double-breasted sack coat. Black is the color of every garment, including his "four-in-hand" scarf. This walking mystery is one of the few survivors of a class of men once numerous, but now nearly extinct, who were known to habitues of fashionable clubs and resorts, as well as to the police, as "Finders"—men who devoted all their time, energy and skill in seeking treasure trove for which a liberal reward is offered. One after another the

THE SPHINX AT WORK.

group has been decimated by death, removal, or a lapse into crime, until the subject of this sketch stands alone, all his companions scattered or in the grave.

When the men about town linger in the famous bar-rooms to enjoy a parting "nightcap" before retiring the eccentric Finder is there, seated in a chair and apparently wide awake. He sits conveniently close and listens to the conversation from neighboring groups of people, but never obtrudes, never speaks. Harmless and inoffensive, he is regarded with a friendly gaze, and the very mystery that shrouds his movements creates a desire to cultivate him. He does not drink intoxicating liquors, and when invited to join in the festivities of the hour invariably orders a cup of black coffee. Three cubes of sugar form its sweetening power, and quietly and surreptitiously this singular man places the remaining cubes in his pockets. This circumstance has earned for him a sobriquet—"the sugar fiend."

In the street he walks erect, but his eyes wander from curb to store or house line, always on the pavement and never straight ahead. Early in the morning, when the streets are quiet, this professional "finder" may be seen in Printing-House square watching for the appearance of the first public issue of the newspapers. He scans the "Lost and Found" and "Reward" advertisements, and then starts on his daily quest. If a certain route is specified where money or jewels are lost, the silent man is speeding there, and his years of experience aid him greatly in seeking out the hidden recesses where such an object might be concealed from the casual gaze of the average pedestrian, and the successful operation of a single day realizes enough to make his living secure for a week or more.

THE FINDER PROMENADING BROADWAY.

On one occasion Burdell was seen in Trinity Church graveyard at five o'clock in the morning and his movements attracted the attention of the policeman on that lonely post. He concealed himself behind a telegraph pole and watched the mysterious visitor in the abode of the dead. He saw him dodging behind tombstones, turning over the grass and even removing fallen leaves until in the glare of the electric light there flashed from the long fingers of the shadowed man a scintillation which showed that a glittering diamond was the fruit of this search at a gloomy hour of the morning in such a ghoulish spot. In a few hours the lady who had lost the ring was in the possession of her valuable souvenir, and Nick Burdell, "Professional Finder," was fifty dollars in pocket and happy in the reflection that he was an honest man.

Daily he promenades Broadway and Fifth avenue as unconcerned as though he was a landed proprietor journeying with the throng of wealthy citizens en route to a luxurious home. His eyes are gazing downward, his step is set to slow measurement, and no surrounding event, however thilling, attracts his attention. He is bent upon one supreme object, the discovery of treasure in money or jewelry which may be concealed in a hidden mass that some pedestrian in the vast pushing and swinging tide of humanity may carelessly have dropped. For over ten years this strange man has led the life of recluse. He has never been known to withhold a lost article his trained eye has discovered. The police speak of him with the utmost respect. As far as

THE FAMILIAR CHIFFONIER.

it is known he is believed to be perfectly honest. He merely works for a reward.

There are other grades of "finders," but their game is of a very small order. Before the street-cleaners have swept the refuse of the streets into piles of rubbish or in the gray of the morning ere the chiffoniers have started out with baskets and long hooks, the small-fry finder may be seen inspecting the store doors or scouring the gutters in search of articles which belated travelers have dropped in their haste to reach home or in their maudlin stages. And yet an Italian finder pays over $1,500 per week to this city for the privilege of sorting over the street sweepings. Their reward is small and the mere question of seeking a rightful owner never enters into the thoughts of these street wanderers.

Others haunt concert rooms, Sixth avenue dives and certain streets where gilded vice flaunts its gaudy colors in the face of men of wild and dissolute habits, and their "finds" generally consist of money and jewelry. The latter finds its way, as a rule, to pawn shops or "fence" houses where purchases are made and no questions are asked.

Still another class of these industrious people make the car tracks of the city their mines of wealth, but the fruits of their labor are very meager, for the average car-driver claims this as his pre-empted land, and he rakes over the ground between the iron rails so thoroughly that there is little left for any outsider. Theaters, ball-rooms and the "L" road trains are watched so carefully by employes that the professional "finder's" occupation is gone almost entirely.

The Art of Acting.

James—Hullo, De Forest. How's the world usin' ye, me boy?

De Forest—Now is the winter of our discontent. Bad, bad, Jimmy. I'm playing Buckingham in Richard, at fifteen a week. But, anon, what cheer with you?

James—Hippopotamus in the Tin Hippopotamus at two hundred. Come and dine with me.—Harper's Weekly.

She Knew Him.

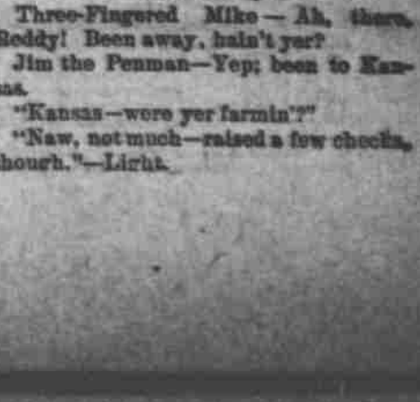
Father—Young Einstein has been devoted to you for two or three years, hasn't he?

Daughter—Yes, papa.

Father—Isn't he very slow about proposing?

Daughter—Yes, Jake is a little slow, but (confidently) he'll get there all the same.—Chatter.

THE EFFECT OF PRACTICE.



Doctor Cutts—Pretty bad lip you've got there, my boy; but I think we can fix it.

Patient—Tain't th' lip, doc. I play a fife in th' ninth ward drum-corps. I called to see about a cough.—Judge.

A Good Thing, After All.

"I jes' believe thet 'r feller is jes' as well off widout eddycation."

"Wall, I dunno. There's Bob Sawyer, he sent his son Bill to college an' worked night an' day to do it. Bill went to teoun, got a job in a bank and he has jist sent Bob enough money from Canady to pay off all the mortgages on his farm and build a new barn."—Life.

A New Crop.

Three-Fingered Mike—Ah, there, Reddy! Been away, hain't yer?

Jim the Penman—Yep; been to Kansas.

"Kansas—were yer farmin'?"

"Naw, not much—raised a few checks, though."—Light.